Then tell me what doth he vpon the sea?
Dar. vnlesse for that my Leige I cannot guesse.
King. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flie to him I feare.
Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
King. Where is thy power now to beat him backe?
Where are thy tenants and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships,
Dar, No my good Lord my friends are in the North,
King. Cold friends to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar, They haue not beene commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends and meete your grace,
Where and what time your maiesty shall please?
King. I, I, thou wouldst begone to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir,
Dar. Most mighty soueraigne
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull,
I neuer was nor neuer will be false.
King. Well, go muster men; but heare you, leaue behind
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your faith be ferme:
Or else his heads assurance is but fraile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne, now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughtie Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Leige in Kent the *Guilfords* are in armes,
And euery houre more competitors
Flocke to their aide, and still there power increaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He strikes him.

King.

King, Out on ye Owles, nothing bu
Take that vntile you bring mee better
Mes, Your grace mistakes, the nev
My newes is, that by sudden flood an
The Duke of *Buckinghams* army is dis
And he himselfe fled no man knowes
King. O I cry you mercy I did mista
Ratcliffe re ward him for the blow I g
Hath any well aduised friend giuen o
Rewards for him that brings in *Bucki*
Mes Such Proclamation hath beene

Enter another Messeng

Mes, Sir *Thomas Louell*, and Lord
Tis said my Liege are vp in armes.
Yet this good comfort bring I to you
The Brittaine Nauie is dispersst, *Richm*
Sent out a boat to aske them one the
If they were his assistants, yea, or no:
Who answered him they came from
Vpon his patrie: he mistrusting them
Hoist saile, and made away for Britta
King. March on, march on since we
If not to fight with forraine enemyes,
Yet to beat downe these rebels here a

Enter Catesby.

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingh*
Thats the best newes, that the Eare of
Is with a mightie power landed at
Is colder newes, yet they must be tol
King. Away towards *Salisbury*, wh
A royall battell might bee wonne and
Some one take order *Buckingham*, be
To *Salisbury*, the rest march on with

Enter Darby, Sir Christ

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Richmond*, t
That in the stie of this most bloody b
My son *George Stanley* is francket vp
If I reuolt off goes yong *Georges* hea
The feare of that, with-holds my pre